

THE
Vicar and Moses,



To, which is Added,

MUSEUM The CONSTANT PAIR,
The WEE WEE BAG of
POTATOES.



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ing and Stationery Business, on cheaper
Terms than at any other Shop.



The VICAR and MOSES; or, the
Drunken funeral.

AT the sign of the horse, Old Spintext

of course;

Each night took his pipe and his pot:
O'er a jorum of nappy, quite pleasant and
happy;

Was plac'd this canonical sot.

Tol de rol, de rol, titol ditol,
The evening was dark, When in came the
Clerk;

With reverence due—and submission:
First stroak'd his cravat, then twi'l'd round
his hat;

And bowing; preferri'd his petition.

Tol de rol, &c.
I'm come, sir, says he, to beg, d've see,
Of your revernd worship and glory,
To inter a poor baby, with as much speed
as may be,

And I'll walk with a lanthron before ye,

Tol de rol, &c
The body we'll bury, but prey where's the
hurry,

Why, lord, sir, the corpse it does stay,

You fool, hold your peace, since miracles
cease.

A corpse Moses cant run away.

Tol de rol, &c.

Then Moses, he smil'd, saying sir, a smal
child,

Cannot long delay your intentions,
Why that's true by St. Paul, a child that is
small,

Can never enlarge its dimensions.

Tol de rol, &c.

Bring Moses some beer, and give me some.
d'ye hear,

I hate to be call'd from my liquor,
Come Moses, the King, 'tis a scandalous
thing.

Such a subject should be but a Vicar.

Tol de rol, &c.

Then Moses he spoke, Sir, 'tis past twelve
o'clock;

Besides there's a terrible shower,
Why Moses you elf, since the clock has
struck twelve,

I'm sure it can never strike more.

Tol de rol, &c.

Besides my dear friend, this lesson attend,

Which to say and to sweat I'll be bold;
That the corpse, snow or rain, can't endan
ger that's plain;

But perhaps you er ; may catch cold.

Tol de rol, &c.

Then Moses went on, Sir, the clock has
struck one,

Pray, Master, look up at the hand:
Why it never can strike less, 'tis a folly to
press,

A man for to go that can't stand.

Tol de rol, &c.

At length hat and cloak, old orthodox took,
But first cram'd his mouth with a quid,
Each tips of a gill, for fear they should chill,
And then staggared a way side by side.

Tol de rol, &c.

When come to the grave, the clerk hum'd
a stave,

Whilst the surplice was wrap'd round the
priest,

Whilst so droll was the figure, of Moses and
Vicar,

That the parish still talk of the jest.

Tol de rol, &c.

Good peop'le let's pray, put the corpse tother
way;

Or perchance I shall over it stumble,
'Tis best to take care tho' the sages declare,
A mortum caput can't tremble.

Tol de rol, &c.

Woman that's born of man, that's wrong,
the leaf's torn,

Oh! Man that is born of Woman,
Can't continue an hour, but's cut down
like a flower,

You see, Moses—Death spareth no man,
Tol de rol, &c.
Here, Moses, do look, what a confounded
book,
Sure the letters are placed upside down,
Such villianous print, sure the Devil is in't;
That Grierson should print for the crown.
Tol de rol, &c.
Prithee, Moses, you read, For I cannot
proceed;
And bury the corpse, in my stead,
(Amen, Amen.)
Why, Moses, you're wrong, pray hold still
your tongue;
You've taken the tail for the head.
Tol de rol, &c.
O where's thy sting, death? put the corpse
in the Earth,
For believe me, 'tis terrible weather,
So the corpse was inter'd, without praying a
word,
And away they both staggered together.
Tol de rol, &c.

The WEE WEE BAG of POTATOES.

MY curse upon your Paddy Whack, you have
ruin'd the ladies,
And you have spoil'd the girls too with your Wee
Wee Bag of Potatoes.
Oh how he batter'd her, and how he teased her

And oh how he twangled her, with his Wee Wee
Bag of Potatoes.
I met a br'f young widow ; I knew she was a
Quaker,
She gave me twenty Guineas for my wee wee bag
of Potatoes,
As I was walking down the mall, I met with
Dick the sheaver,
He was telling all the girls of his Wee Wee Bag
of Potatoes.
If you woud go to Crampton Court, it's there
you'd see the ladies,
It's round about the coffee-house, about St. Giles's,
And round about the coffee-house, and away to
Paddy Miles's.

The CONSTANT PAIR, a new Song.

ON a lummers morning the weather being fair
I strole for recreation down by a river clear,
I overheard a damsel most grievously complain,
All for the absence of her love that plough'd the
raging main.
Being unperceived drew a little near,
And lay me down behind a bush the better to hear
Her doleful lamentations, and melancholy cries,
While pearly tears came rolling down from her
coal-black eyes.
Save me Oh! cruel fortune, that to me proves
unkind,
For since my love has left me no comfort can I find
These five long years and better, for his absence I
have moaned,
And tho' the war is ended, he has not returned.
Whilst she was thus lamenting and bemoaning
her dear,

I saw a gallant sailor, who unto her drew near,
With eloquence most complaisant he did salute the
fair,

Saying; lovely female why do you wonder here.

The absence of my jewel, the fair one she
replied,

It causeth me to mourn, to languish and to cry,
The man who has possessed my heart for him I
grieve,

And should he never return I will never cease to
moan.

Why should you moan for him the sailor he
did say,

It is like his mind is altered and changed some
other way,

If you will forget him and place your love on me,
Untill death does demand, to you I'll faithful be,

Oh then replied the fair maid dear sir that can-
not be,

I really could admire no man alive but him,
He's the darling of my heart whom I still adore,
So take this as an answer and trouble me no more,

Then said the gallant sailor what was your
lover's name,

Both that and his description I'd wish to know the
same,

I'm sure it is surprizing that he was so unkind,
To leave so fair a creature to languish here behind
George Reily I do call him, a lad both neat and
trim,

So manly in proportion, but few can equal him,
His amber looks in ringlets hang down his shoul-
ders,

His skin for whiteness far outvies the lilly fair,

Indeed I had a messinate G. Reily was his name
And as you have described him I'm sure it was the
same,

Two years we spent together on board the old
Britannia,

And such a loyal comrade I never had I'm sure,

But on 12th of April, near Port Royal bay,
We had a great engagement which lasted a whole
day,

Between Lord Rodney and De Gras where many
a man did fall,

Your love fell a victim to a French cannon ball,

When sheltering in a bloody gore your loyal lover
lay,

With faltering voice and broken sighs those words
I heard him say,

Farewell my dearest Nancy O were she standing by
To gaze my last upon my love contented would I
die.

This melancholy story wounded her heart so deep
Her hands she wrung in sorrow & bitterly did weep
Alas! my joys are ended if all you told be true,
Instead of having pleasure my sorrow does renew.

Then the loyal sailor could not himself conceal,
He flew into her arms and did his mind reveal,
And by a mark he shewed her, her love she straight
did know,

She said you are trice welcome all sorrow now
adieu.



F I N I S.